Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, August 9, 1917 Number 24

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

No longer of Him be it said
"He hath no place to lay His head."

In every lamd a constant lamp
Flames by His small and mighty Camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendour shining through its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.

*From "Trees and Other Poems"* —*Joyce Kilmer*

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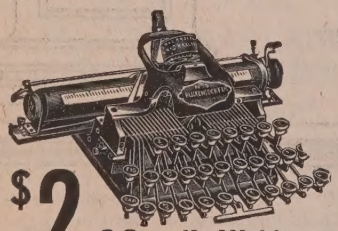

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1917 NUMBER 24

Yet out of futile strife
There shall arise
Purged and triumphant life,
Chastened and wise.

Nations shall fall no more
At one man's word,
And offer their sons to War
In the Name of the Lord!

Youth shall come into its own
Splendidly free!
Towers over bodies and stone
Democracy!

*From "Voices."* —*Irene Rutherford McLeod.*

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The *Public* thinks that Henry Cabot Lodge is right when he says, "So far as possible we ought to leave the course of trade and the natural economic laws unmeddled with!" The *Public* also thinks that the determiniation of guilt and punishment and the restraint of the citizen lies in the legal and not in the postoffice department.

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*Reedy's Mirror* is distressed over the "slushy twaddle cabled from France about the ecstasies of the Parisian ladies over the handsomeness of General Pershing and his soldiers, and the utter drivel to the effect that 'Pershing and Joffre are becoming fast friends.' Why should there be added to the horrors of war for us this infliction of the puling paresis of the press." It suggests that President Wilson might appoint a "national Montessori mother for our newspapers."

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Herbert P. Levine, the Brooklyn school teacher, who was sentenced to a year's confinement in jail because he refused to register, has been deprived of his license to teach by the State Commissioner of Education and dismissed from his position in a public school by the Board of Education. Mr. Levine may be a bad man as interpreted by the military laws of the State, but his treatment has given to him an added power over the boys and girls of Brooklyn, and the cancelling of his license by the State Commissioner may have given him a wider constituency and his vocation as a teacher may thus have been enlarged.

---

Manfred P. Welcher, Field Secretary of the Anti-Saloon League of America, is leading what in these days will be dismissed not only as a forelorn hope but as silly warfare, what is more we fear it would be voted, by the majority of the fair friends who are making "comfort bags" to encourage the brave boys in front and who include with their necessary outfit a *supply of cigarettes,* as unpatriotic. And still anyone who will stop to read the leaflets issued by this society, among which are, "Smoking and Fire Loss of Life and Property," by T. H. Williams, Assistant Manager of the American Insurance Company, Berkeley, Cal., and the Rev. M. P. Welcher's "The Story of the Great Destroyer," is consulting the prescriptions, not the practice of every intelligent physician, of recent training, and will realize that here is another foe to democracy, another enemy of our country.

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*Every Week* has an item concerning poisonous snakes which is of presumable interest in these vacation days. We are told that there are but three groups of venomous snakes throughout North America: The coral, the moccasins and the rattlesnakes. The first are gaudy reptiles of the Southwest, covered with broad alternating rings of red and black, bordered with narrow rings of yellow. The rattlesnake group is easily recognized. Any snake possessing a rattle is dangerous. The moccasins or copper-heads have on each side of the head a deep pit between the eye and nostril. Harmless snakes have a round eye; moccasins have an elliptical pupil, like a cat. But why go into particulars? The posionous snakes are so rare and so pacific when let alone that they can safely be forgotten. The poisonous snake never chases an enemy. Is it not a pity that the armed and dangerous man cannot be induced to revert to the condition of the poisonous reptiles of which they are the biological successors?

---

Louis D. Brandeis of the Supreme Bench, in an address before the Economic Club in Boston, on February 8, 1915, gave the following conditions for a lasting peace:

First. The creation of a Congress of the Nations to determine what should be their relative rights, of an International Court to decide any disputed claims, and of an International Police to enforce the laws of this congress and the decisions of this court.

Second. The democratization of the nations, and particularly of the war making power; so that the people, who must ultimately bear the burdens of war, may decide whether war shall be entered upon.

Third. Disarmament—so that unpreperedness may prevent precipitate action—and encourage sober second thought.

Fourth. The removal of economic causes of war, and pre-eminently the prohibition of preferential tariffs.

**No peace which is lasting can ever come until the nations great and small accept the democratic principle that there is and shall be no supernation, to rise through**

**subjection of others, and the truth that each people has in it something of peculiar value which it can contribute to that civilization for which we are all striving.**

Equal opportunity for all peoples as for all individuals,—that is the essential of international as well as of national justice upon which a peace which is to be permanent must rest. Unless that fundamental right is recognized and granted universally, there will be discord and war in the future, as there has been in the past.

---

Judge Mack has been appointed a sub-committee to draft legislation concerning compensation to disabled soldiers and sailors, pensions for their widows and dependents and allowances for their dependents. We have reason to hope that this will be something very different from the time honored wooden system of pensions that has trailed after every modern war, carrying with it the burden of well meaning but often sadly misplaced provision for the "old soldier." Judge Mack is quite right in his preliminary address to the executive committee when he says that governments should do no less than private industry in helping its employes "to bear the accidents that are necessarily incident to the conduct of the business." But it will be harder in the future than ever before to justify the old hard and fast line that attempted to provide pensions to the militant servants of the nation while neglecting the claims of the equally meritorious and far more serviceable members of the civil corps. The whole question of pensions is beset with technical difficulties best known to the politicians. The old soldier has been a political asset much courted by the partisan patriots of every name.

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"Four Lights" is "An Adventure in Internationalism," published fortnightly by the Woman's Peace Party of New York City, 70 Fifth Avenue. It is a four-page flyer, printing its message in two colors in such a way that he who runs *must* read. The title is a challenge taken from the tale of Magellan's first voyage round the world: *"Then he showed four lights when he wished them to set full sail and follow in his wake."* However reluctant male mariners may be, soon or late they will have to follow in the wake of this *Four Lights*. It indicates the course of the adventurous mariners who are out for peace and the woman's suffrage. The issue for July 14 is called "Sister Susie's Number" and it is very uncomfortable reading for the male militants who think that women had better not meddle in the affairs of the state and that they can know nothing of armies and war. In answer to the question, What are American women going to win by the war? it replies:

Child labor, long hours, scant food, high prices, lowered standard of living, loss of constitutional guarantees of freedom, martial law, syphilis, infant mortality, bereavement, and desolation.

Ellen Key, Olive Schreiner and Selma Lagerlöf, three great European women, are brought into court and are permitted to testify, and this is what they say:

The women of the warring countries not only sorrow with their personal grief. They sorrow for their labors, that are buried with the millions of bodies that fill the battlefields, the trenches, roads, and streams." —*Ellen Key.*

"We, the bearers of men's bodies, who supply its most valuable munition, who . . . shed our blood and face death that the battlefield may have its food, a food more precious to us than our heart's blood,—it is we especially who, in the domain of war, have our word to say, a word no man can say for us." —*Olive Schreiner.*

"So long as words can pass my lips, so long as blood flows in my veins, I shall work for the cause of peace, even though the work should rob me of happiness and blessings." —*Selma Lagerlöf.*

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Just while prominent Jewish leaders in this country are lending themselves to an enthusiastic movement to establish a Jewish State in Palestine, Burton J. Hendrick in *Every Week* discusses learnedly, "Will the Jews Disappear?" The discussion with illustrations helps us to realize that there are two million Jews in the United States, one million of them in New York City, and that more Jews are filling conspicuous public positions in the United States than at any previous time in our history. For the first time a Jew occupies a seat on the Supreme Court Bench of the United States. Several Jews are in Congress. Next to J. P. Morgan & Company in financial power is the great Jewish banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Commercially and financially speaking doubtless Jacob Schiff is one of the most influential men in America. Jews of course are in ever increasing evidence in all the walks of life where brains, energy and conscience are in demand. Alongside of these facts come the other facts. The evidences that show the attenuating race qualities in the alleged Jewish race. Russian Jews look like Russians, Spanish Jews like Spaniards, the American Jews are "Yankees," psychologically and physically rapidly becoming indistinguishable from their neighbors. There are physiological reasons for this. Sixty-five per cent of the Jews in Scandinavia are reported as having married Christians. Germany's statistics are more available than those of other countries. According to statistics twenty per cent of the German Jews marry Christians. According to Dr. Fishberg sixty per cent of the Hamburg Jews marry across the line. The half breeds justify the theory of the value of cross breeding. When social ostracism disappears on account of intermarriage, as it is rapidly disappearing on both sides of the line, there will be more virile leaders. August Belmont was a German-Jew who changed his name and married the daughter of Commodore Perry, who opened Japan to the western world. Dr. Abraham Jacobi, eminent authority on children's diseases, married the Yankee Mary Putnam. Walter Damrosch married the daughter of James G. Blaine. Mark Twain's daughter married another eminent Jewish musician

with an unpronounceable name. If bigotry and social snobbery were to continue and grow more burdensome a Jewish republic in Asia would not only be a possibility but a necessity. But the Jews are too smart, to numerous, too ambitious, everlastingly achieving, climbing and getting there to even be permanently located much less confined even in their sympathies and democracy within geographical boundaries. They are now the one *international people* that are forcing civilization into an internationalism that will minimize, and eventually in a majority of cases eliminate geographical prejudices, partisanships and a patriotism confined by lines on the map surveyed by hates, prejudices, religious dogmatism and sectarian bitterness. The world is none too big to be the native home of the Jew.

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## The Ministers and the Draft

Why should ministers who believe in war be exempt from taking their share of risks and doing their "bit" on battle lines, while students of religion, perchance teachers of ethics, who have profound convictions against war, who on gospel lines have reached the pacifist position, are compelled against their conscience, to go forth to kill at the behest of their country? Why should a callow theological student who has not as yet, at least, made for himself an indispensable position in the social fabric, be exempt, while the honest young man, already contributing life's energies in field, at forge or in mine, be torn from his tasks?

The whole question is raised again by a curiously superficial and aggravating editorial in the *Christian Science Sentinel* of July 14. Under the caption of "Military Service Act," the editor tells us that he has learned that "in a considerable number of cases Christian Scientists have claimed exemptions in three ways: (1) as practitioners; (2) as readers; (3) as conscientious objectors." The editor states the conditions of the present draft by which "regular or duly ordained ministers of religion are exempt," and "students who at the time of the approval of this act are preparing for the ministry in recognized theological or divinity schools are exempt."

Taking this Act as a whole the Editor concludes that the "Practitioners" whose "cards appear in the *Christian Science Journal*" might be regarded as exempt, but "only a very liberal interpretation of the Act would exempt other Practitioners or Readers." This is carrying ecclesiasticism to the extreme of artificiality where the mere professional advertisement brings exemption from military duty, while in the very next sentence we read, "It should be said that a Christian Scientist could not claim exemption as a conscientious objector *without misinterpreting Christian Science* (the italics are ours), for in the church tenets or platform of the Christian Science Church no specific reference is made to participation in war!!!" You don't say! But this is only carrying the ecclesiasticism embodied in the Act to its logical consistency. Are the representatives of "religious sects" to be determined by ecclesiastical ordinances? Is the conscience of no importance in the eyes of the law where "no church tenets or platform" cover the case? The editor of the *Christian Science Sentinel* finds militancy apparently taught in the cryptic saying of the "revered leader, Mary Baker Eddy, in her Miscellany," where she says, "But if our nation's rights or honor were seized, every citizen would be a soldier and woman would be armed with power girt for the hour." If this is to be taken at its literal value why should "Practitioners whose cards appear in the *Journal*" be exempt, and where and how and when are the Christian Science women to be armed, when the "nation's rights or honor are seized"?

This brings up the whole question of chaplaincy in the U. S. army. It has always been hard to keep it from becoming a perfunctory frill, a high church decoration rather than a spiritual potency in a country that presumes to keep the church and state as separate entities.

The writer's memory harks back to the experiences of the Civil War. While here and there there was a chaplain who splendidly justified his office, who became counsellor, guide and friend to the soldier, if the impression of a private soldier counts, these were the exceptions, and the number of chaplains who gladly exchanged the perfunctory duties of a "Sky Pilot" for the real chance of an officer in the line, was significantly large.

A study of employment would probably reveal the fact that there is no profession so nearly over-crowded today as the ministerial profession judging from the denominational year books and uninspiring catalogues of the divinity schools.

We yield to no man in our respect for the high office of a minister and the permanent need of religious instrumentalities as well as convictions. On that account we deplore the perfunctory character and the anti-democratic attempt to combine church and state in these exemption lists which reach their highest offensiveness when they recognize "conscientious objectors" only when

> they are members of any well recognized religious sect or organization at present organized and existing, and whose existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form, and whose religious convictions are against war or participation therein in accordance with the creed or principles of said religious organizations.

We have declared our sympathies with the conscientious objector, but he takes his orders from a higher source than a church committee or the lore of any ec-

clesiastical body, including a "professional advertising card in the *Christian Science Journal.* These are inadequate tests and are unworthy governmental administration.

## Is America Safe for Democracy?

Waiving all pacifist considerations for the moment and speaking wholly from the militarist viewpoint, one thing should be certain—that this war can never be fought to a successful conclusion until the people are safeguarded at home in the exercise of those elementary rights of democracy for the perpetuation of which abroad they are being asked to fight and die.

When President Wilson declared that the United States went to war for the supreme aim of making the world safe for democracy, he said, he placed the conflict upon the highest possible plane of idealism. Whatever we may think about the war, we must at least agree that this was a deliberate endeavor to bring the best and not the worst out of the conflict.

But President Wilson did something else also. He made America the champion of democracy, and thus placed upon this nation the august responsibility of being itself truly, ideally democratic.

This challenge must arouse deep concern today in every true American heart. Is America democratic in such wise that she can talk about demoracy to other peoples or fight for it in foreign fields? What about an industrial system which gives labor only such rights and privileges of self-government as can be wrested from employers by threats or by strikes?

What about a political system which denies the right of franchise to one-half of the population? What about a social system which outlaws the negro from equality and brings down upon him atrocities in East St. Louis to rival the atrocities in Belgium? Is America safe for democracy while these things last?

More alarming still are the assaults upon democracy now being made at home in the very name of that war now being fought for democracy abroad. Men are constantly being arrested for exercising that right of free speech guaranteed by the constitution. Newspapers and magazines are being arbitrarily suppressed in violation of the constitutional privilege of free press.

A group of Socialists in Boston, granted permission by the mayor to parade and hold a meeting on historic Boston Common, are set upon by soldiers and sailors, their persons assaulted, their offices burglarized and their property destroyed.

Is this demoracy? Is America safe for democracy? The answer is plain, and yet there are those who see nothing dangerous in this situation, either to the present war or to the future peace which must follow upon this war.

I do not often find myself in agreement with Mr. Roosevelt, but he spoke as a true American when he said recently, in reference to the East St. Louis massacre: "Before we speak of justice for others, it behooves us to do justice within our own household."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

## Constructive Pacifism

A bumptious minority has always a knock-down argument against the hopeless minority by an appeal to the "practical." All defenders of the established order are anxious for "positive work." They ever call for "something constructive." While we believe that,

They also serve who only stand and wait.

and that "one with God is a majority," that the true leadership must always be with causes unpopular, we still recognize the fact that protest must generally precede organization, that the best rebuilding is often accomplished with stones taken out of old walls.

But pacifists are not limp dreamers; they are not pro-testants without a program. We are glad to make room below for the article entitled "An International Reconstruction Corps," written by our young friend, Lewis Stiles Gannett, which appears in the *Survey* for July 21.

The vexed questions of indemnities could largely be settled constructively if only to such a Reconstruction Corps could be entrusted the work. If all Powers now at war would agree to religiously continue their present war expenses two weeks after they had ceased to expend the same in warlike activities, there would probably be money enough and to spare to restore all damages to *private property* on all of the battle torn grounds of Europe. So far as money can restore homes, churches and schoolhouses, so far as money can restore highways and shaded lawns, there would be money enough saved from a fortnight's war expense to do all this. When we come to the indemnity for public property destroyed it will be but simply adding burdens to shoulders already being crushed to earth by war debts, and it would be locating responsibility upon the defeated which are not necessarily the most guilty. Surely equity does not wait for the triumph of a battlefield to decide who should bear the burdens.

UNITY welcomes the suggestion of Mr. Gannett and commends it for its severe practicality, its political sagacity, as well as for its ethical nobility.

AN INTERNATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION CORPS.

It is proposed to form an International Reconstruction Corps of "men of conscriptable age unwilling to take life but unafraid of hard work or danger in the service of their country and of mankind, who pledge themselves to continuous service in the corps for the period of the war and at least one year thereafter."

The purpose is to provide an opportunity for service for men who cannot conscientiously do military or naval service but are not cowards, slackers or loafers.

There are in the United States several thousand young men who will refuse to fight if drafted. No one knows what will be done with them. The war department is unable to give any definite answer. There is a rumor that they will be interned.

Most of these young men would like to do something, but they don't know just what to do. They cannot conscientiously go into any service which is organized primarily for military ends. Furthermore, they want to make their protest against war and enforced military service clear.

If a group of young men who are conscientious objectors to war offer themselves for work which is constructive and international, it would seem a foolish waste of youthful idealism to refuse to grant them that opportunity. If, at the same time, they state that they will continue in such service for at least a year after the close of the war, they may convince some of the scoffers that some at least of the conscientious objectors are conscientious as well as objectors, and perhaps set a few to thinking about the justice of their position.

The definite opportunity presents itself in the reconstruction work in Europe. Millions are homeless in the areas over which the battle-tide has surged. There are districts without children; others where thin-faced children have forgotten how to play. Women and old men have lost faith and courage to rebuild. Youth is needed.

When the war is over such work must begin on a grand scale, and in it all the nations must co-operate. Perhaps a little international army of young men and women giving themselves to this task will develop, and out of it might well grow a spirit of international co-operation which would transplant itself into other fields. While hostile armies march on conquered territory, the scope of such work is limited. But a beginning must be made; and the need is infinitely greater than the supply of workers. The nations are giving their primary attention to war.

Already the Quakers, whose traditional opposition to war has been recognized in their exemption from military service, have organized a unit of one hundred men for such reconstructive service. In the same work other conscientious objectors to war whose protest is not yet recognized by law might find the opportunity for service which would not lose them their own self-respect. In such work they might find their Moral Equivalent of War.

The Quaker unit is organized under the civilian Red Cross, which has undertaken this relief work and has promised to set aside funds for this purpose. There seems to be no good reason why another unit should not be organized of young men who if drafted must otherwise go to jail.

The plan is to form an advisory committee of men of standing who are in sympathy with the general purpose; and an executive committee of men willing to serve in the corps or help actively in its organization.

The first need is to know how many men are ready to volunteer for such service. Men interested are asked to write to *L. S. Gannett.*

*27 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.*

---

GHOST-FLOWERS

In shining groups, each stem a pearly ray,
Weird flecks of light within the shadowed wood,
They dwell aloof, a spotless sisterhood.
No Angelus, except the wild bird's lay,
Awakes these forest nuns; yet night and day
Their heads are bent, as if in prayerful mood.
A touch will mar their snow, and tempests rude
Defile; but in the mist fresh blossoms stray
From spirit gardens just beyond our ken.
Each year we seek their virgin haunts, to look
Upon new loveliness, and watch again
Their shy devotions near the singing brook;
Then mingling in the dizzy stir of men,
For the vows made in that cloistered nook.

*—Mary Thacher Higginson.*

# THE PULPIT

## Life's Resources

***Sermon delivered at All Souls Church, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday, July 22, 1917, by Harry Foster Burns, Oshkosh, Wisconsin***

"Who among us can dwell with the devouring fire?" was the question with which the prophet searched the resources of faith in one of those days that applied the test of fire to the national life of Israel. It was a time when the wayfaring man ceased, because the way was dangerous; a time when the land itself seemed to be in mourning, when the beautiful Lebanon was "confounded and withered away," and the plain of Sharon was like a desert; a time when the very breath of the people seemed to be as a fire to consume the stubble which their own lives brought forth. Who could endure; who could stand in the midst of such a time?

The immediate answer, the answer for the individual is: "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly, . . . he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; his bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." In this great testing time some men are to find righteousness, and their upright speech a defense as sure as the great rocky caverns of the mountains against the attacks of men with arrow and spear; as sure a resource of life as the waters that gush out from the great mountain springs. And the implication is, even the explicit statement that it is only such lives that shall be able to stand steadfastly in the great time of devouring flame that is upon the people. Those who lack the resources of righteousness and uprightness will perish; but for the men who have served the values eternal "the flame will not kindle upon them" and "though they walk through the fire they shall not be burned."

Through a similar test of fire the great nations of the world are today passing. They look anxiously to their national resources, material and human; they feel their forms of government are being tested. Some have already been weighed and found wanting. The very ideals of the peoples now meet the acid test. Likewise is it with the accepted institutions of society. The home, never has it been more severely tested, and there are those who are willing to cast into the burning furnace of militarism, the ideal of monogamous family life, if thereby they may restock a country desolated of what with bitter cynicism we have come to call "man-power." A nation not long since called great, we are told, has already officially authorized the destruction of the monogamous family. Will the home stand in other countries? Likewise, how severe the test upon the school systems of the world, the business organization; and the churches. None of these can escape. They must all come out of this great flame something different. As we watch daily the rapid changes taking place, we may well believe that only those institutions, those forms of organization will pass through the fire, which prove true gold, the best possible means of serving the undying interests of men. Leaders in all institutions are now looking to the unfailing resources of their organizations, or forms of service; just as governments take stock

of the amount of food, the number of men, and the measure of all material resources.

But I think this morning more of the testing time through which each earnest participant in the world's work must pass in these days. If in business he knows not what one day will bring forth; if a physician he must either serve at the front, or take on additional work because others have gone; if preacher, still he is not untouched. On the contrary exceedingly difficult is his task of upholding the ideals of religious faith and strengthening the wills of men against the evils which assault with terrific force. A terrible strain must the preacher of righteousness bear, unless, he in all things accepts the status quo and drifts with the stream, when indeed he is no longer a preacher of righteousness. How severe the test which many mothers, many sweethearts, brothers and sisters, must meet in this day: "Who among us, indeed, can dwell with the devouring fire?" Surely we shall all need to call into the service of our life, physical and spiritual, all the resources at our command; all forces that can be made to serve life. Some of these resources I would suggest this morning, appealing to your own experience for cerification, and knowing that many of you will supplement them from your own treasure houses.

In a great crisis, Elijah, ardent, impulsive, strenuous, fell beneath the juniper-tree, in a fit of despair asking that he might die. With weakened physique he firmly believed that there were no other prophets in Israel who had not gone over to Baal worship. It was a sane and heavenly voice that told him to arise and eat and drink and then go on his journey. The very demands of the day render more imperative than ever the need to keep ourselves fit. England, under the pressure of the war, at first lengthened the working day, and allowed the standards of working conditions to be lowered, only to find after a few months that the output was rapidly decreasing in spite of the longer hours. Her men were becoming unfit. Sane and earnest patriotism, eager and intelligent love for humanity today, will, of course, waste no time; but it will know, too, that hours spent in well-directed recreation, should follow or precede hours of devoted toil in shop or study.

Readers of Hamilton W. Mabie will recall his essay, "An April Day"; and not a few will sympathize keenly with him in the experience he describes in these words:

> "My study has been a dull place of late, even the open fire which still lingers on the hearth has failed to exorcise a certain gray and weary spirit, which has somehow taken possession of the premises. As I was thinking this morning about the best way of ejecting this unwelcome inmate; it suddenly occurred to me that for some time past my study had been simply a workshop; the fire has been lighted early and burned late, the windows have been closed to keep out all disturbing sounds, and the pile of manuscript upon the table has steadily grown higher and higher. After all I said to myself, 'it is I that ought to be ejected. Acting on this conclusion . . . I have let the fire go out, opened the windows, locked the doors, and put myself into the hands of my old friend Nature for refreshment and society."

So ought many of us to eject ourselves from study and shop that with Rousseau we may experience a freedom of spirit, an audacity of thought, coming from throwing ourselves into the "immensity of things which we can combine, choose from, and appropriate without trouble and without fear." Standing in the midst of a great expanse of plain, or of ocean, we find rest, for "No man is tired when he can see far enough," said Rousseau. And it was the declaration of Emerson who himself acted upon his faith that, "A man loses his years in the woods as a snake sheds its skin." The great leaders of the spirit, David, Isaiah, Jesus; Emerson, Rousseau, and Thoreau have been children of nature; from her their lives drew refreshment and inspiration, and,—

> "The word to prophets spoken
> Is writ on tables still unbroken
> Still floats upon the morning wind
> Still whispers to the willing mind."

Just because the demands are strenuous, just because the strain is great the need is rendered more imperative that we open the windows and lock the door, and put ourselves into the hands of nature for refreshment and for society.

And what an unfailing sourch of strength may we find in friendship, in the fellowship of those who know all about us and love us just the same. It is well known that a mob will do deeds of daring evil, which no member of the mob, left alone would consent to do. The character of the mob is lower than the character of its members taken singly; just because the evil in each man is strengthend and reinforced by the presence of others so inclined. Similarly, of course, is the good will, the good purposes of men tremendously reinforced by the presence and fellowship of others upon good intent. But it is the great price that must be paid by the moral leaders of the race, the advance guard in the realm of moral attainment, that they find themselves more and more alone. Moral leadership, being the prophet of tomorrow in the land of today, is after all lonely business. But here too the law of compensation works and if the friends of such men are not counted by the hundreds, yet is the quality of their friendship deep and rich beyond anything that can be known by those whose lives are not so tried. David was strengthened by Jonathan's unbroken faithfulness; Isaiah by his little band of disciples; Jesus most of the way by the close companionship of two or three who seemed to understand him; Emerson and Ruskin, and Tolstoi, and all the great leaders of faith, have found here and there a heart that understood and a spirit that responded and in this they found strength, reinforcement of life.

But we come now to the last, the final, the ultimate resource of life. Though all else fail, though one be denied the health and reinvigorating power of nature, and even the fellowship of friends, the reinforcement of friendship; yet may the life stand if it draw heavily upon this ultimate resource. In the final test, "The Man of Galilee," was deserted by the thoughtless crowd, by those who followed at a distance, by the twelve, even by the inner circle, and yet he went on with unbroken spirit, with unconquerable faith, for he was not alone. He that had sent him was with him. He and the Father were one. The greatest of the literary prophets of Israel had a similar experience after ten years of earnest proclamation of the deep convictions of his heart regarding his beloved nation, he found nothing but the unheeding ear, the scorn of the multitude. Then it was that he betook himself to his initial experience, when he had started out upon this task not at the call of the people, but at the call of His God, not for a few

days only, or upon the condition that he should be heard gladly; but only at the inner command of eternal truth, and this truth remained truth whether the people received it or not, and the need of its proclamation was unconditional, therefore would he go on to the very end of his life. He did go on, and with victorious spirit, because he drew anew upon this great unfailing resource of life. Likewise the great interpreter of the faith of the early church, Paul, could "count all things but loss," seeing he was thereby winning unfailing values. He could endure all things; be content in whatever state he found himself, for these were conditions that did not essentially effect the thing for which he was living. He knew the secret how to abound and how to be in want with spirit unmoved. He victoriously said when reflecting upon his experience: "I can do all things through Him who strengtheneth me." These are not the words of an empty piety, as the life Paul lived gives ample proof. They express a reality in his experience. They have no sound like that in the words of the Pharisee who thanked his God that he was not as other men. They leap with ringing reality from the heart of one who endured every discouragment, and fought valiantly on throughout his life against the powers of darkness in high places; one who labored more abundantly than they all, though the least of the apostles, and yet in humility said that it was not himself that labored but Christ that worked through him. That there is here an expression of Paul's belief that his life was greatly reinforced and re-empowered by his religious faith, none will question. What he did for the world he believed he could not have done but for the strength that came from this faith. It was the great resource of his very powerful and productive life.

But just how shall we make this clear, and real to ourselves? Though there are elements of Paul's experience which may not be ours, ways he spoke about things, which we should hardly employ; yet may not this rich, this life reinforcing, life empowering experience be ours still? Perhaps we may best come to the truth of the matter through analogy. Here is a young man who has a passion for beauty, and he would learn to give outward expression to beauty in painting, in music, or in poetry. What does he do? He becomes a student of his art, we say. That is if he wishes to paint, he goes to the greatest art galleries of the world, there to sit in the presence of the masterpieces of his art. He meditates upon their meaning, he tries to gain insight into the spirit that breathes in them, and shines through them. For days, and weeks, and months he yields himself to the best work of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Da Vinci. His mind absorbs the wonders of their beauty. His soul is suffused with the marvels of their perfection. He is gradually being transformed into the artist. The spirit of art takes possession of him. It begins to work through him. He becomes himself a creator of art. And as he does, if he be true artist, he will say that what he does, is not of himself; it is done by the spirit of art that daily strengthens him.

Likewise if one set out to become a writer of poetry or of fiction. He becomes a student of his art. He spends months and years with the great masters of verse and of story. As he does so his mind is absorbed and his spirit suffused with the perfect ideal of the art he seeks to serve. By that spirit he is transformed in the very soul of his being. Then this spirit taking possession of his life makes him a creator of its beauty; he writes with greater and greater sense of oneness with his art, with a growing sense of being simply the instrument through which his art comes to outward expression. Then, if he tell the truth, and if he be true artist, he will say that what he does is only what his art does through him; that he does it because of the spirit that strengtheneth him.

To go over the parapet in the face of almost certain death, is a thing for which the ordinary man, however brave, is not immediately sufficient. But let this man go to the training camps, where he is not only trained and toughened in body; but where he will undergo a more significant spiritual transformation, and he will find himself able to do what others have done. In the camp he sits in the presence of, he breathes the spirit of the ideal soldier, until he is transformed into its likeness. For weeks and months this ideal more and more absorbs his mind and suffuses his spirit, until finally when he is ordered to the trenches, he is prepared to do all things through him that strengtheneth him—that is the ideal soldier at whose shrine he worships.

A man who before the war was a minister in Scotland, the other day told a group of young men the story of a lieutenant who when time grew heavy on his hands was in the habit of going out "Boche hunting," and came back one day reporting a fine time having killed eleven of the enemy that morning. Those who heard the story were naturally shocked to speechlessness. Later one who had known the narrator bore testimony to his gradual transformation in spirit under war experience until it was now possible for him to tell such a story without blinking. This does not indicate unusual brutality, it is certainly not to be used against the nationality to which the lieutenant belonged, it is the resultant of that natural process by which a man is gradually transformed into the likeness of that spirit with which he lives day by day. If men may pass through the war experience without suffering this brutalizing transformation, then it must be because still they worship in the depths of their being another kind of spirit; and if they do that they may not make good soldiers.

It is by this same process that we are transformed into the likeness of the perfect ideal of life. Hungering and thristing for righteousness, for the attainment of that sort of a life which is not simply a reproduction of the moral ideal of the world about us, but the perfect ideal, we go to the great teachers of the world, the men of great moral attainment. We sit in their presence, we mediate upon their life and work, we seek to understand the secret of their great achievement; our minds are absorbed by their beauty, our souls suffused by the marvels of their perfection. Gradually, or it may be more quickly, we are made over into their likeness, and we become workers with them in the spiritual creation of the better world. No, it is not all through meditation by any means, no more than with the artist does he arrive without creative effort. Patiently we strive, and earnestly we seek to give expression daily to the beauty of life which we have seen, the vision which is more and more compelling our hearts. As the years pass are we transformed more and more into the likeness of this

ideal, if, indeed our devotion to it be complete. It was on this account, in harmony with the requirements of this truth, that Washington spent hours in prayer at Valley Forge. He sought the reinforcement of life that would turn his weakness into strength. It was at the demand of the same law of life that Socrates worshipped under the famous plane-tree, the gods of Athens, that he might gain the strength to be faithful to the ideal man of courage in the test of fire which should so soon be applied to his life. And it was because this law had been obeyed through many a year that Jesus could in the garden pray, "Not my will but thine be done," and then with majestic spirit, unconquered faith, endure the cross. The story of the crucifixion reveals with clear light the powerlessness and the emptiness of lives without resource of religious faith, and the irresistible power of faith. In the radiant light of that crucial day, the Pharisees, proud officials of so-called religious organization, are seen to be only hard, cruel, cold, and crafty, men of the world. Pilate in this light that pierces the outward veil is seen as a type of the ambitious, tricky politician, with no power to go to the protection of innocency, or the defense of justice, when danger threatens. Judas' professed faith falls away and he is seen in his true role as the false friend; while boastful Peter loses his standing as he flees before what seems to him a lost cause. The soldier who runs the lance into the side of the innocent sufferer is but the tool, blindly obeying the cruel crafty will and ambition of others. The great multitude of men who yesterday cried "Hozanna," and "blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," having no spiritual resourcefulness of their own are swept along by the noise of the day and now vociferously call: "Crucify him." In the midst of it all, is the majestic figure of poised manhood, the victorious spirit of the humble Nazarene; the triumphant faith of Him who had climbed patiently to the place where he could say: "I and the Father are one," and who could do all things through the strengthening power of his presence.

Only such a faith, I am convinced, will enable us to pass through this time of fire and the flame not enkindle upon us; to walk through the waters and find that they do not overflow us; to find that our house though beaten by the wind and the wave shall not fall but stand in the midst of the storm, and emerge therefrom with a new radiance and beauty.

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BABYHOOD.

A baby shines as brightly
If winter or if May be,
On eyes that keep in sight,
A baby.

Though dark the skies or grey be,
It fills our eyes with light,
If midnight or midday be.

Love hails it, day and night,
The sweetest thing that may be,
Yet cannot praise aright,
A baby.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

## Henry David Thoreau

***An Address Given by Rev. George L. Thompson at Northfield, Mass., July 15, 1917, commemorating the one hundreth anniversary of the birth of Thoreau***

Not long ago I heard Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, give a lecture on Thoreau. Dr. Emerson is one of the few persons living who knew Thoreau in the flesh, and somehow his reminiscences brought Thoreau a little nearer to me than he had ever been before.

A hundred years have passed since Thoreau first saw the light of day in the quiet old town of Concord, Massachusetts, and the fact that there is a living interest in the man and his work today is a sign that his fame is secure and lasting. The facts of his life are common knowledge among all literary people, but at this time of his centenary we may well consider some of the more important phases of his career.

We are learning as never before that a man's ancestry counts for something. Not in the sense that one can grow great on the achievements of his forefathers, but in traits of character and mental attitude we are all debtors to those whose blood flows in our veins.

Henry's grandfather came from one of the Channel Islands, Guernsey, I believe, and like most of the islanders was Norman French in blood. Henry's father, John Thoreau, is described as a plain, stolid little man, who tried but once in his life to really do battle in the busy mart of Boston, then he retired to the quiet, country village of Concord, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," to pursue in a quiet way his little business of pencil making.

His wife, Cynthia Dunbar, was a tall, fine looking woman with considerable energy and ambition.

When we read the biographies of some of our heroes we are inclined to attribute their success to do-nothing fathers married to strong-willed, ambitious mothers who transmit by parental influence their ambitions to their offspring. The result is a Thoreau or a Lincoln. These women find compensation in their sons for the virtues which the fathers lacked.

In New England, a hundred years ago, there was a keen rivalry between families in matters pertaining to thrift and prosperity, and when a family was defeated in one generation they sought revenge by sending their sons to college in order to win laurels over the sons of their more fortunate neighbors, a custom now confined to European immigrants.

Thoreau, for such is the name by which Henry David is distinguished from the rest of mankind for all time, was sent to Harvard at the age of sixteen. He distinguished himself at college by being so ordinary that he seems to have absolutely escaped the notice of either his professors or classmates. The only flash of individuality which is recorded concerning him is the fact that at his graduation he refused to accept his diploma and pay the customary five dollars for it. Possibly this protest was due to poverty rather than originality.

Did I say at the beginning that the year of a man's birth and the community in which he lives are all important facts in considering his life? Thoreau was born a few years later than Emerson, and he came home from college and settled down in Concord just in time to be a neighbor to the Emersons, Alcotts,

Hawthorne, Ripley, Elizabeth Peabody, Margaret Fuller, and just out beyond on the Lowell road George William Curtis.

You have all heard or read of his brief experience as a school teacher and maker of lead pencils. These are merely incidentals. The important thing is the associations of Concord. This young man with a slate-drab college career is thrown into the company of a group of people who may be compared to a certain company of Athenians who lived in the days of Pericles. High thinking and plain living were contagious, and Thoreau was exposed to an epidemic of ideas. He caught Transcendental philosophy in a new form and never recovered. As silently as the soundless marshalling of the stars in the sky of the desert there had been gathering intellectual and spiritual forces in our New England which now blazed forth with a strange brilliancy in Transcendentalism.

Elbert Hubbard, in writing of Thoreau, said, "George Ripley, Bronson Alcott, and Ralph Waldo Emerson evolved New England Transcendentalism, and very early Henry Thoreau added a few bars of harmonious discords to the symphony."

Let us look at one fact concerning Thoreau, and never forget it in considering his life. He was a born revolutionist. Iconoclasm and insurgency were in his blood. He was the ideal anarchist, which means that he was a spiritual brother to Jesus and Shelley. It was just a touch of Quakerism in the man which saved him from being a Robespierre, a Danton, or a John Brown. He was a Puritan with the Cromwellism left out. In my Stevenson I find this note written long ago on the margin of the page beginning the essay on Thoreau: "In general habits he came nearer to Jesus than any man in modern times. He is the theoretical anarchist in practice." Reading the life and words of Thoreau today I am inclined to modify my statement. Jesus would have never played the hermit. Thoreau would not have said, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Yet the spiritual kinship exists. The great differences being that one lived in Palestine and the other in Concord, and eighteen hundred years of time.

Emerson, who knew and appreciated Thoreau better than any of his contemporaries, has made several significant statements concerning him.

"He was a born Protestant."

"Not a particle of respect had he to the opinions of any man or body of men, but paid homage solely to the truth itself."

"He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun."

Thoreau was the original American secessionist. Being an Abolitionist, he contended that to recognize a government which protected slavery was wrong and he called on his friends to withdraw their support, both in person and property, from the government of Massachusetts.

Being consistent, he refused to pay his poll-tax in 1843, and being persistent he finally landed in jail.

Sam Staples, the local sheriff, who arrested him, seems to have been a little dilatory in making the arrest. According to the local tradition some of the Concord people were inclined to censure Sam, contending that a firmer attitude at the beginning would have convinced Thoreau of his folly and perhaps saved him from jail. Sam excused himself by saying:

"In the first place I sort of pitied Henry for I thought the real reason why he refused to pay his taxes was because he was hard up and couldn't, but when I found that it was nothing but his conscientious scruples I hustled him off to jail."

It was during this brief term in jail that Emerson visited him, and greeted him with the question: "Henry, why are you here?" And received the Yankee answer, "Waldo, why are you not here?"

The incident shows Thoreau's extreme individuality. Another man of like type would have persuaded others to go to jail and organized insurrection, but Thoreau's philosophy was—every man is a law unto himself.

On this occasion you are asking, What was his religion? He had none.

Formal religion never appealed to him. He had no theology. His was the mind of primal man. He outdid the old Greeks, he was Pan himself. As Louise Alcott said of him at his death:

For such as he there is no death;
His life the eternal life commands.

When life was fast ebbing a friend asked, "Have you made your peace with God?"

"I have never quarreled with him," was the reply.

When asked by the minister why he did not go to church, he said, "It's the rafters—can't stand them. When I look up I want to gaze straight in the blue sky."

Thoreau did look up and Henry Ward Beecher spoke of him as one who "saw God in autumn's every burning bush."

I imagine that if one sat with him in the firelight in that little cabin by the shore of Walden pond and by some means drew out the soul, he would have found that Thoreau was a Pantheist who saw that this universe was nothing but God.

Singularly enough his closest friends were ministers. Emerson was a clergyman, and with all his radicalism he never shook off the earmarks of his profession. Harrison Blake was a Congregational minister, and to him Thoreau wrote regularly for years. When he and Horace Greeley went to Plymouth Church Beecher invited him to the platform. A God-born prophet he had the great essentials of religion in the soul. He demanded Truth, and would have it. His morals were rigidly Puritan. Emerson says, "He thought that without religion or devotion of some kind nothing great was ever accomplished." There is only one man of whom he ever stood in awe and that was Walt Whitman. He thought Jesus was incomplete because he left no definite rule proper and sufficient for this world.

The essential religiousness of Thoreau's character is shown in his love for children and his sympathy with animals. Dr. Edward Emerson tells us of the rare companionship of the man in the fields and woods, and his own writings reflect that intimate fellowship of the man with the universe. There is a spiritual significance in his lines:

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

He quotes with approval the words of the Oriental sages, and would emulate their lives.

We may imagine that when some of those famous contemporaries, who have long since been forgotten, heard of his death they sighed and said, "Too bad, he fell just short of fame." In the eyes of the world he had failed. A colorless college career, failure as a school teacher, failure as a business man, oddity, poverty, obscurity, lack of recognition as a writer, unpopularity as a lecturer, rejected in love, branded as a useless citizen, finally a confirmed invalid, this is his life story. It is true that there are bright spots such as the friendship of great souls and the appreciation of the discerning. Two or three little books, a bundle of manuscript journals, and a sweet memory are his legacies to posterity. For more than fifty years his fame has been growing, and we now realize that the life of Thoreau was a grand success.

A great, original soul was he who conceived the idea of trying a few interesting experiments with life, using this world as a laboratory. He demonstrated the fact that this is a very interesting world, and recorded his observations in a readable form for humanity in general. The world owes him a debt. His great lesson is that life is the important thing, and that it is counted in hours, not years. Getting a living is a secondary matter.

He has shown us how to have great adventures about home. In death as in life he has good company. His old friends are his neighbors in Sleepy Hollow. When he died three hundred Concord children marched to his grave in the procession which led the line of march for the pilgrims who have been going there ever since. His grave is a shrine, and if, as the Shintoists tell us, his spirit guards his dust, it must be with satisfaction that he regards the rustling leaves, the chattering squirrels, and the flitting birds in the great trees overhead.

As in mortal form he still may ask, "Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way?"

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### THE MAN OF HABIT

What is so wonderful as dying?
The man that's lying here
Has year by placid year
Slept, eaten, worked and taken ease,
On habit, use, and clocks relying,
Until each act outrode volition,
And only in accurate repetition
Could he find peace.
He carped at draughts,
Hating even a wayward breeze about him;
Avoided argument;
Let new movements go on without him,
Loving the grooves that had worn so deep.
He could rise and work and eat and sleep,
Could love and hate and laugh and weep,
Only by habits' prompting.

Well, he, the habit-bound,
The man of dull meticulous round,
Has risked the great adventure now.
I almost think his narrow brow
Has taken on more breadth since dying.
What do his eyes see, the white lids under,
That the lips should be curved with such fugitive wonder,
Lips that in life were pinched and shrunken?
Do they see, perhaps, the spirit drunken
With shoreless night?
With un-houred light?
Ah, by the one vast chartless road
Small souls, like great, go home to God!

*Atlantic Monthly.* —*Margaret Adelaide Wilson.*

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

### *A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson*

**Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre**

### XXIV.

### The Enlargement of the Comparative Study of Religion

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|---|---|
| **Sir William Jones** | **1746-1794** |
| **Anquetil du Perron** | **1731-1805** |
| **Champollion . .** | **1790-1832** |
| **Max Mueller . .** | **1823-1901** |

*Leader—Dr. Lewis B. Fisher.*

*"Religions are many: Religion is one."*
*—Anonymous.*

In the comparative study of religion four names stand out permanently for our consideration. Sir William Jones, Anquetil du Perron, Champollion and Max Mueller have made it possible for anyone to read the sacred scriptures of the leading races. What is and will be the effect of this study on Christians and the Christian religion?

William Jones was born in London in 1746, his family dating back to the ancient princes and chieftains of North Wales. Like Grotius he was an infant phenomenon, was in Harrow when he was seven and at twenty-two he could speak in most any of the leading languages that were spoken or ever had been spoken on this planet. He is said to have mastered forty-one languages and could write or speak the European tongues better than any native. At that time Europe had paid little attention to oriental languages, such as Arabic, Persian, Chinese, Sanskrit, etc. Sir William's greatness and his service to humanity lie in the fact that he learned these languages and made the literature of these people accessible to Europeans. He translated into English much Arabic and Sanskrit writing, only one book, however, being of a distinctively religious character: The Laws of Manu, a Hindu code dating from about 500 B. C. But he taught others to do it and anyone can now have access to all the sacred books of the East. Fortunately he had a modest income so that he could uninterruptedly pursue his ardent passion for language. He was happily married, his wife's name not being Xantippe. Incidentally Sir William was a lawyer of recognized ability and when he was thirty-seven he was sent out to India as a judge. In eleven years the climate of India proved fatal to him, as it then did to so many Englishmen sent there, and he died in his forty-eighth year.

Lady Jones survived him many years and caused his life and works to be published in thirteen volumes: in 1846 his son published his father's autobiography.

In India he organized, and while he lived was presi-

dent of, the Asiatic Society, the purpose of which was to collect the old Asiatic literature. His was not an initiating or constructing mind but rather was he a translator of the work of oriental and ancient minds, and posterity will remember him chiefly as such and as one who made available so much oriental literature in its original form.

Somewhere Anquetil du Perron had seen four pages of the Avesta, the sacred scriptures of the Persians, in which there was then some interest. The ancient Parsees were very reluctant to let their scriptures leave their hands, especially to go into those of Europeans, and Du Perron was told that no mortal man could get hold of any more of it. However, in 1764, he enlisted as a common soldier under a disguised name and went out to Hindustan to tackle the impossible. The French government encouraged the ardent student. How he went after and obtained the Avesta is one of the amazing true fairy tales of literature. In 1764 he deposited the whole Zenda Vesta in a library in Paris. Flushed with victory he could not help poking a little fun at Oxford because the scholars had said his work was impossible. Sir William Jones took up the witticism of Perron and said that the wily Asiatics had put across a literary gold brick and sold it to him as the genuine Avesta. In other words, it was not Zoroaster's work at all but a cunning forgery. His reason for his opinion was that a great prophet like Zoroaster could never have written such silly, puerile stuff. Time has shown that Perron was right and Jones wrong, but Sir William's opinion of it is a pertinent illustration of the way the Bible of one great religion always seems to people of any other great religion.

It is reported that recently some one asked Tagore if he had ever read our Bible, and he is quoted as replying that he tried to read it once and got to the middle of Genesis and dropped the stuff as it gave him nausea. Tagore added, however, that he had been told that there was some better stuff in the Bible further along in Psalms and that he was really going to try to read it when he got time. The way our Bible seemed to Tagore is exactly the way most of the Vedas seem to me. It is exactly the way Perron's copy of the Avesta seemed to Sir William. It seems to be a fact that no religion can see much in the sacred book of any other religion.

Thanks to Sir William Jones the Sacred Books of the East, first published in a costly edition of forty-eight volumes, are now, as published by the Christian Literature Company, available in 12 volumes, to be had for about what a year's subscription to the "W. G. N." (World's Greatest Newspaper) costs and they are about equally interesting. Such reading seems to me just as our Bible seems to Tagore. It is a barren sand in which not a thing lives and grows. Probably from any sacred books we could cull a set of sayings that would appeal to the universal religious instinct, but between these sayings that show the universal mind lies miles of desert of words, words, words without ideas. Our own Bible is no exception. We are told that at the World's Parliament of Religions all would join in the Lord's Prayer, but that seems to be about the only word in our whole Bible that all could understand and speak together.

The old idea was that the world was divided into Christian and heathen, true and false religions. The Jewish and Christian were true, the rest were false. John Calvin said that all non-christian religions were a "welter of errors." It was generally thought that they were founded by frauds, aided and abetted by Satan. In my boyhood I took that position for granted, but I had a new birth when I read James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," and it is still worth reading. Clarke's position is that there is truth in every religion that men have held. He went further and said that there was more truth than error in every religion that men have held. He took up the ten religions one after another and gave as his theory that the Christian religion was the complement of all the other religions, it included their truths, avoided their errors and strengthened their weaknesses. He thought that a Christian missionary should admit to the heathen the true and the good in their religion and then recommend Christianity as its needed complement for their spiritual needs.

At one time at a gathering in Chauatauqua, N. Y., a returned missionary drew a picture of the awful, dark, totally depraved estate of the heathen he was sent to. They had no ray of light or truth whatever. He himself had it all and was discouraged because they would not accept his condescending offer. Dr. Harper of the University of Chicago, one of the world's great souls, told him that he was totally unfit to be a missionary to any peoples; that he could not hope to do any good to any soul that he approached in that spirit. There is good, light, some sense of truth, or capacity and hunger for it in every soul. He who would minister to any soul must approach it in full sympathy. It was a great lesson.

The impression of Clark and Harper has spread everywhere today. Men and women have visited all the nations of the earth. Orientals have visited us. We have read their literature and listened to their teachings. One result is that many people have come to think that our Christian religion is simply one among many, no better than the others, may be not as good as some of them. After the Parliament of Religions it was quite the thing to sit at the feet of some Yogi or oriental mystic and find in his teaching something far superior to Christianity. So the pendulum swung.

Some Unitarians would like the present official name of Unitarians, "Ministers of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches," changed to "Unitarian and Other *Liberal* Churches." They declare that they are religious but not Christians. It seems to them that the name Christian shuts out the desired fellowship of Jews, Buddhists and the rest. It is hard to find a name that includes all and excludes none. Somehow the very object and purpose of a name is to set you apart and distinguish you from others. These men suggest the word *Religious,* but if I was a Unitarian I would fight to the last trench against that change on the ground that it would shut out the irreligious, which are the most interesting folk I know. The word *liberal* would shut out all illiberals and that is the limit of folly. For the only business a liberal has is to make the illiberal liberal, and how can he hope to do that if he builds a high fence and shuts the liberals out. So while I see the point I am stumped for a name that does not shut out anybody. I confess to a bias in favor of "Universalist," but that, whatever its rich meaning, has met the fate appar-

ently of all other words. It shuts a lot of folks out who would rather go to hades than be Universalists. Or at least if they do not want hades for their own sakes, they want it for others.

For myself I am going to hold fast the name Christian, which I was born into and expect to die proclaiming. It is the most universal name I know. But I want a study of comparative religion to teach me to hold my name Christian right. I want to hold it intelligently. I want it to help me see and keenly sympathize with all the goodness and beauty and truth and light, in every soul, in any religion on earth.

You can define religion by the people who profess it or by the founders and the sacred books. In spite of bloody swords, hymns of hate and greed for trade, we see the real Christian today carrying the Red Cross sign and building hospitals which it is claimed no other religion has done. I do not believe the whole world apart from the influences of Christianity can show one Lincoln Centre, nor yet the great university yonder.

Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet, the Hebrew prophets and Mrs. Eddy are wonderful souls. I say *are* because my Christian religion teaches me that to God all souls are living. Striving, therefore, to see and love and reverence all that is good and true in all religions, I still believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the saviour of the world whenever the world will let him be that and that there is real salvation in no other name. I still believe that the Gospels are infinitely superior to all the other sacred books of the world. I spend my life trying to persuade people to get into living touch with the person of Jesus. I think that in him is spiritual freedom, a system of inner life and power found in no other teacher so richly. He himself lived and died in that relation to God into which he calls all men as did no other teacher. I put Buddha next to Jesus, but Buddha said that existence is an evil, and tried to forget it in Nirvana. Jesus said that the universe was his Father's house and life was to do his Father's will.

Liberal religion is not a name or refusing a name. It is a spirit. When I want to see that spirit in its fullness I look at Jesus of Nazareth, and hear him say, "Universal Father, Universal Brothers, Go ye into all the world and tell this to every soul. He that will not believe it, is damned, condemned, doomed to live without it, until he gets ready to believe it. He that does believe it has entered into life eternal, there and then."

QUESTIONS

(1) Mention four men who made large initial contributions to the study of universal religion.

(2) Name four oriental languages which prior to the eighteenth century were practically unknown to the western world.

(3) What event in the history of Chicago largely stimulated in America the study of Eastern philosophy and religion?

(4) Tell the story of Anquetil du Perron.

(5) What reason would you give for cherishing the right to call yourself "Christian"?

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The strength of your life is measured by the strength of your will. The strength of your will is just the strength of the wish that lies behind it.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE SONG OF THE PACIFIST

What do they matter, our headlong hates, when we take the toll of our Dead?
Think ye our glory and gain will pay for the torrent of blood we have shed?
By the cheers of our Victory will the heart of the mother be comforted?

If by the Victory all we mean is a broken and brooding foe;
Is the pomp and power of a glitt'ring hour, and a truce for an age or so:
By the clay-cold hand on the broken blade we have smitten a bootless blow!

If by the Triumph we only prove that the sword we sheathe is bright;
That justice and truth and love endure; that freedom's throned on the height;
That the feebler folks shall be unafraid; that Might shall never be Right;

If this be all: by the blood-drenched plains, by the havoc of fire and fear,
By the rending roar of the War of Wars, by the Dead so doubly dear. . . .
Then our Victory is a vast defeat, and it mocks us as we cheer.

Victory! there can be but one, hallowed in every land:
When by the graves of our common dead we who were foemen stand;
And in the hush of our common grief hand is tendered to hand.

Triumph! Yes, when out of the dust in the splendor of their release
The spirits of those who fell go forth and they hallow our hearts to peace,
And, brothers in pain, with world-wide voice, we clamor that War shall cease.

Glory! Ay, when from blackest loss shall be born most radiant gain;
When over the gory fields shall rise a star that never shall wane:
Then, and then only, our Dead shall know that they have not fall'n in vain.

When our children's children shall talk of War as a madness that may not be;
When we thank our God for our grief today, and blazon from sea to sea.
In the name of the Dead the banner of Peace
. . . *that will be Victory.*

—*Robert W. Service.*

*From Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* (*Barse & Hopkins, New York*).

---

TO SLEEP

O Sleep, kind Sleep,
When day is past and shadows deep
Lie everywhere,
Touch thou the weary with such loving care
That they forget
The burden of the day, its toil and fret.

O Sleep, kind Sleep,
I would thou tenderly should keep
The faint of heart,
And strengthen each to meet whatever part
Of good or ill
The morrow brings; courage and hope instil.

O Sleep, kind Sleep,
I pray thee touch those eyes that weep;
Thou who canst bless
All who are worn and sad, with thy caress,
Enfold them so
It were most sweet thy friendliness to know.

—*Florence Lewis Howard.*

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# THE FIELD

*"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."*

## DR. FORT NEWTON'S SERMONS

**The sermons of Rev. J. Fort Newton, D.Litt., late of Cedar Rapids, now of the City Temple, London, are published every week in the Christian Commonwealth, Salisbury Square, London, England. Owing to war conditions the price of this journal has recently been doubled, but to Americans who wish to read Dr. Fort Newton's sermons and follow his general work in England, a special offer of the paper is made at the pre-war rates namely: 8s. 8d. ($2.11) per annum. With the weekly pamphlet supplement, which contains sermons and other utterances by different preachers of all denominations, the annual subscription is 10s. 10d. ($2.64).**

## THE WRONGS OF THE IMMIGRANT.

Is it not time to ask ourselves whether there is any need, not only for this injury to American standards but to the havoc, the debasement, the wreckage of the immigrant's own standard of life, of work and of moral culture which he brings with him? Is the alien workman really an unmitigated nuisance and a charge instead of an asset to the national weal, or is it our carelessness, our stubborn indifference to his needs, our lust of exploitation, our unreasonable enmity which make him so? Truly, the damage done is not all on one side. It is here that Grace Abbott, from her eight years' intimate contact with the immigrants of Chicago, comes with a call to which, we doubt not, the nation must and will sooner or later respond.

The almost criminal folly with which those who arrive here to make a home and a living are left to find their way about as best they can, with which they are exposed to fraud, temptations, pitfalls, told, as it is in this book, by many stories of personal adventure, would make a sorrowful reading, were it not accompanied by the most convincing program of practical reforms in the administration of immigrant legislation and its supplementation, in court practice, education, and many other respects.

Is it believable that, merely to insure some equitable distribution of profits on their transportation, "in the year ending June 30, 1916, immigrants were sent by nine different routes from New York to Chicago, but nearly three times as many were sent around by Norfolk, Va., as by any other single route"? In Chicago, we hear, a large receiving station for immigrants, provided by federal law and equipped with dormitories, bathrooms, laundry rooms, etc., has been standing empty for two years, for no other reason than that the administrative department of the government chose to consider its use impracticable.

Is it generally known that the government is making a profit from the head tax imposed on immigrants over and above the cost of the immigration service, amounting to over nine million dollars up to the end of the fiscal year 1915, and that in spite of this the new immigration bill, passed over the President's veto, has increased this tax for adults from four to eight dollars? Do our economists appreciate the fact that in the distribution and placement of immigrants the assumption is frequently made that a person who cannot speak English, whatever his previous education or trade training, must of necessity be an unskilled laborer—and this in spite of the insatiable demand of industry and agriculture, at most times, for skilled workers? Do they realize that there would be no shortage of farm labor now if even a slight effort had been made in recent years to turn farmers and farm laborers arriving in this country to work on the land—that, in fact, 288,053, over 42 per cent of all men and boys over fourteen who were admitted in 1914, gave these as their occupations in Europe?

Do the trade unionists know that of the Polish, Lithuanian and Russian girls whose large number depresses the standard of wages in Chicago factories and stockyards, more than one-half have been engaged in farm work at home and, with a little organization of the right kind, could help to build up an immensely valuable rural industry in the western states? Have our legal lights ever noticed the absurdity of a law which excludes a person if an inspector decides that he will not be self-supporting, but excludes him also if he brings the best possible evidence of his ability to be so, namely, the offer of a job? *B. L.*

*From a review of "The Immigrant and the Community," by Miss Grace Abbott in the Survey for April 28.*

## AN APPEAL TO PREACHERS.

The World Alliance for International Friendship, of which the Revs. Frederick Lynch and Sidley L. Gulick are secretaries, is appealing to the preachers throughout our country to take this matter seriously into their pulpits with the opening of the fall campaign. In a circular letter from Secretary Gulick we read:

"If America is to Christianize her relations with China and Japan, with Mexico and Latin America, and really help in setting up a better world-order, our Christian citizenship must be more accurately informed on these problems.

"The World Alliance for International Friedship invites every local church to co-operate in this new task confronting us. Millions of Christian citizens must unite in this movement. No war nor any great cause was ever won by individuals, or even by regiments, fighting separately.

"To aid pastors and other leaders we have prepared attractive, instructive and inspiring literature providing material and suggestions for sermons, prayer meeting topics and courses of study.

"Will you not send for the package, take time and thought to understand our plans, and wheel your local forces into line for the great drive of the Christians and churches of America for world-justice and good will?"

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